

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVII. No. 3

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OCTOBER 17, 1926

JEM O'HARA looked backward at the wistful girl on the porch. "Don't you think we should've taken her along, Tom?" he asked, voicing some compunction and regret.

"We can't have her tagging with us all the time," was the unrelenting answer. "Besides, I've discovered the best fishing hole, and — well — girls are such afraid cats!"

Jem said no more, for Bess was Tom's sister, and it was up to him, after all.

"It's off the Winslow road," Tom continued. "Five miles out —"

"But there's no place to fish along there. I know —"

"Just drive ahead," was the undisturbed answer. "Leave it to me — I'll tell you when to stop."

Jem drove on, busy with his own thoughts. Poor little Bess — she had looked so lonely. He thought back to the time two years ago when his father had bought the big Grey home — of how Bess and her brother Tom had welcomed him in their cottage yard. At that time Tom had not been too old for her, and what wonderful times they'd had together. Bess was always so game, and had the happy faculty of knowing how to help a chap out of trouble when necessary; but perhaps Tom was right — fifteen did make a difference — rather old to be tagging around with a little girl of twelve.

So on this Saturday afternoon they were starting away alone. It was a wonderful Fall afternoon, with just a touch of frost in the air. "Isn't this great?" Tom exulted. "Turn to your left."

"Something like living — what?" said Jem, stepping on the gas.

"Sure thing," Tom gasped, clutching at his hat and looking back at the trail of dust and smoke, "but just wait until you see that fishing hole!"

## POSTED—KEEP OUT

By Harriet Catherine Evans

Along they flew. Then Tom called a stop. "Turn in here," he bade.

"Here?" Jem frowned, slowing up. "Are you thinking of trying dry-land fishing?" and there seemed reason for his disgust, for all along were fenced pastures and a dusty road that led on between the fenced-in inclosure.

"We're going in there," Tom said, preparing to descend. "Wait until I open the gate."

"In there — have you permission?"

"No — but we can take it, can't we?"

"But it's posted."

"Don't care," Tom answered. "No one will see us — drive into the thicket and we'll go the rest of the way by foot. Bill Jones says the river's not far in. He and Henry were out last Saturday and caught oodles of fish."

Jem gave another look and was lost. The winding pasture road, the inviting wooded depths, and the knowledge that others had been in there before was too

much for him. Without further hesitation he turned in at the gate Tom was holding open, and drove into the screening thicket.

Well loaded with fishing tackle, lunch, and bait, they started out through the thicket, round the bend, down the incline, and found as nice a fishing hole as had ever gladdened the heart of boy. But the work of a moment, they were ready, and in went the hooks "kerplunk."

"Whatecha got to say about it now?" Tom inquired triumphantly.

"Better mind your cork," was the excited answer. "Quick — step lively — you've got a bite!"

Fish after fish they added to their string, and then Jem noticed suddenly the lengthening shadows. "I say, Tom, hadn't we better be leaving?"

Tom jumped up with a start. "I had no idea it was so late. We'll have to burn the gas going home, or Mom won't be letting me come again so soon."

Tom caught up fishing tackle and empty lunch basket, while Jem grabbed the string of fish, and away they started in a run; for coming in after dark had

once meant Tom's exile from all friends for a week.

"Here we are," Tom panted, flinging the things in the back of the car. "Hand over the fish and I'll stow them away too."

"No you don't," interrupted an irate voice, and out stepped a bewhiskered red-faced giant. "So you are the young rascals who've been fishing out my hole!"

Tom and Jem stood silent, too scared to utter a sound.

"I'll teach you to come trespassing on my grounds," the man threatened, fairly waving the fish in their faces. "I've got your number at last, and Monday, early, we'll settle this business in court. Now — get out of



"Get up in front with us, — there's plenty of room for the three of us." here!"



"Why didn't you tell him this was our first time?" Jem thought to ask as they started away with all speed. "Guess he'll really prosecute."

"Shouldn't wonder," Tom answered glumly. "He might at least have left us the fish."

"Serves us right for leaving Bess at home," Jem told him.

"She'd have known better than to let us do such a fool thing. Guess next time you'll notice when it says 'POSTED.' You make me tired!"

"I like that — didn't you drive in the car yourself, and I didn't have to beg you to either!"

This was so evidently the truth that Jem had nothing more to say. The trip was made in gloomy silence. They reached the cottage to find it dark.

"Oh, Tom, why are you so late?" Bessie greeted, springing up from her nap in the swing as they shuffled up to the porch.

"Where's mother?" he asked gruffly.

"Over at sister's. Baby Roy is sick — but what made you so late?"

It was Jem who answered. "We're in a peck of trouble," he confessed, sinking to a step with a groan.

"What have you done?" Bess asked fearfully, seating herself beside him.

"We went fishing in a pasture that was posted, and the man caught us and is going to have us arrested Monday," Jem told her with a boy's brevity.

Bess gasped. "And Mother has so many other expenses and worries," she wailed. "How much will it cost?"

"Don't know," Tom answered huskily.

The more they talked the situation over, the worse it seemed.

"We'll just have to go out and talk it over with the man," Bess decided at last. "We'll offer to pay for the fish — I'm sure if you promise never to bother his fish again, he'll let you off this time."

Tom was not so certain. He had no desire to face the giant again, but Bess persisted. "He can't do any worse than prosecute," she reminded, "and he's already decided to do that. We can say I wanted to come. He never told me to stay away. He wouldn't be vi'lent with a girl — I'll tell him you're both sorry and won't do it again."

As there seemed no other way out of it, the boys decided to try her suggestion. "But we'll have to leave here by eight, so we can be back for Sunday School," Bess warned, as Jem started away at last. "I know Mother won't let us go otherwise, and we mustn't tell her yet — she'd be so worried."

So with the promise of an early return, the three of them started away next morning, Tom and Jem on the front seat, and Bess by herself on the back, happy that she was to have a nice ride too. There was not a thought of the selfishness of the two boys who had

barred her from their lark, and yet were ready enough to let her in for a share of their trouble.

The wind blew the fair curls joyously, and her blue eyes looked about with real enjoyment, nor did the happy light leave her eyes even when the fatal gate was reached. She had done no wrong, so could not feel worried about the coming interview. Everything seemed possible on a morning like this; but the boys did not seem to share her optimistic view, and the farther they went up the pasture road, the more subdued they became. But for Bess on the back seat they would surely have turned around and braved the worst on the morrow. The remembrance of the angry man was rather disturbing.

All too soon they drew up before the farmhouse, to find their arrival loudly welcomed by a pack of barking hounds. A motherly looking woman came to the door, and Bess jumped out to lead the way in. The boys stayed as if glued to the seat so she went on alone.

"Please, ma'am, I'd like to see the man who owns the fishing hole," she said bravely, smiling her nicest.

The kindly blue eyes twinkled, then she turned to call: "Come here, Pa — there's a young lady out here to see you."

Bess drew a sigh of relief as the man came out to them. This man didn't look a bit cross to her, so with confidence she approached him. "Please, sir, I've come about the fish, and the boys you're going to prosecute Monday."

"Why don't they come in and see me themselves?" he asked testily, looking past her to the culprits in the car.

His wife made a motion as if to interfere, but Bess lost none of her fearlessness. "They're afraid of you," she confided. "They think you're awfully cross and vi'lent."

"If that's the case, why weren't you afraid to come?" he asked, but she caught the twinkle in his eyes and smiled back.

"'Cause I didn't do anything to you," she answered. "And really you got the fish, and we're willing to pay if you want us to — we're —"

"Fess up, Pa," his wife chuckled; "those fish did taste mighty good."

"I know they did wrong," Bess continued, following up her advantage. "But really it's so hard sometimes — no nutting trees, no fishing, no swimming holes. Just everything nice is posted — and you know," with a knowing smile, "boys will be boys — won't you please just forgive them this once? I just know they'll never try coming in again."

The man laughed. "Run and fetch them in, Missy — guess as how you're right, after all."

Bess flew down the walk before the words could be recalled. "Come, Tom — come, Jem," she panted, stopping by the

car, radiantly happy. "He wants to see you."

"What'd he say?" they wanted to know, as she hustled them on.

"Nothing much," was the vague answer. "But he's most awful nice, and not a bit vi'lent."

As they neared the porch, Jem, the braver of the two, put Bess aside and went forward to face the man. "We're sorry, sir, and are willing to pay for the fish," he said, reaching into his pocket.

The man waved aside his purse testily. "Who said anything about paying? This little lady says I'm really in your debt. You spent all the afternoon catching the fish and I ate them."

"Oh, no," gasped the horrified Bess. "That's not what I said at all."

A chuckle was her answer. A horny hand sought her curly head. "Suppose we say my payment will be a visit from this little maid now and then. Ma 'nd me've had a passel of boys, but our little Bess's been dead these many years."

Bess looked up at him gladly. "Why, my name's Bess, too — isn't that nice? Of course I'll come just whenever mamma'll let me; but we must be going now," suddenly remembering their promise. "It's most Sunday-school time — we must hurry back."

"Tell you what you do, boys," the man said, following them out to the car. "Whenever you feel like fishing or hunting or eating watermelons just bring the lass along to see us and you can have the run of the place; but remember — not a thing without her. The place is still 'Posted' unless she comes with you."

"Get up in front with us," Jem bade, as they were getting into the car. "There's plenty of room for the three of us."

"Pile in, kid," Tom seconded gruffly, as she turned to him hesitantly, and to her delight she started away with Tom on one side and Jem on the other.

"This has taught me a lesson, believe me," Tom said, when they were safely back on the public road. "I'll never set a foot on posted property again."

"Nor I," Jem echoed fervently.

"Folks aren't half bad when you get to know them," Bess mused, for she had nothing to regret, as she'd done no wrong. "They post their hearts just like pastures, but if you can just get inside, it's wonderful! Didn't you like him, Tom?"

Tom shrugged. "You should have seen him yesterday — you wouldn't have liked him then."

"But you weren't acting nice, either," Bess reminded. "It was his pasture, and he wouldn't have that sign up if he didn't want folks to stay out. I guess you'd have been angry, too, if you'd been in his place."

And so the argument ended, for Bess always won somehow, even with them. They all enjoyed the ride back to town much better than the ride out.





## THE CROW'S NEST

BY  
WAITSTILL  
HASTINGS  
SHARP

Text: Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. *Joshua 24:15*

In the first number of *The Beacon* for this year I told you that I thought you were going to Sunday School so that you and your teachers could take a good, new look at life each week; so that you could look back on the right things and the wrong things that you had done during the past week, and so that you could look ahead to the good things that you would do in the coming week at home, in your school, and in your town or city. Sunday School is a time for looking very hard at everything you do and plan to do, because everything you do is what is called your life, and everything you choose is what you do. So everything you choose is what you live.

DOING IS LIVING.  
DOING IS CHOOSING.  
LIVING IS CHOOSING.

Yes, I said all this to the boys and girls who really thought about what I wrote. And I said that the one and only reason for going to Church School is because we all are trying to find the HAPPY LIFE.

Well, what is the HAPPY LIFE?

Years and years ago, thousands of people in Europe thought that somewhere there bubbled up from the ground a spring of sweet water called the Fountain of Youth. The legend about this spring was that if any person who was sick and old should drink its cool water, he would throw off the burden and misery of his years and become young and happy again. But all these people were sure that this fountain was not in Europe, — so they hunted for it in every country except home.

An old Spanish knight, called Ponce de Leon, who had more money than the other people who were looking for this fountain, heard of our country, America, and he sailed over here to find the Fountain of Youth where he would heal the wounds of battle and renew his strength. So he came to Florida and tramped all over the wide marshes and the dark swamps, the tangled forests, hunting, searching, looking, inquiring of Indians. Like all the rest of the people he sought the Spring in every country except home — only he had more money and so made a bigger fool of himself.

Because, of course, he didn't find it. He only tired himself out in his search for what he thought was the happy life. We think we know more now than Ponce de Leon.

But some of us don't — the people who think that the happy life means lots of money, and idleness and play all the time, or the people who think they are better than other people. These are the selfish folks. For a while they may be very happy, but at last they are sorry that they haven't known who God was and haven't loved and worked with and helped their fellow men as neighbors.

Remember this: God's voice tells us to choose a generous act. The selfish boy or girl or man or woman is a person who forgets God's voice. The selfish person forgets his God and forgets his neighbor and in time forgets — the Happy Life.

Then, too soon and too late, *something* is missing!

And that something is the great Father-Spirit whom we call God. God lives with a good man or woman. He guides us wherever we are. He tells us what to choose to find the Happy Life — what friends to have, what things to do, what things to remember and what to forget. God tells us what the old Spanish knight, Ponce de Leon, never knew — that the Fountain of Youth bubbles right up in our own dooryard. I mean that the things to choose which will keep us happy, and joyful, and brave, and wise, the things that will save the dear memories from yesterday and offer the great promise of tomorrow will be the things God tells us to do at home where we know best what we can *give to other people*, not the things we might *get for ourselves* in a lonely forest across the sea.

Do you think Ponce de Leon really knew the Happy Life? Why?

Do you think Jesus really knew the Happy Life? Why?

## Sir Thistle

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

Sir Thistle stands the summer long,

A soldier and a foe;  
With bristling blades he guards him well,  
Sharp-armed from top to toe.

He bears aloft his purple plumes;  
With aspect grim and fierce  
He threatens all who venture near  
With weapons keen to pierce.

But now, when autumn woodlands glow  
With burnished browns and reds,  
The warrior's plumes are thistledown  
For fairies' winter beds!

He offers silken plumage free  
To stuff their pillows, soft and wee!



## THE BOOKSHELF

New books suggested by *Elsie M. Lustig*

(Miss Lustig will be glad to answer any questions you may wish to ask her about books. Address her in care of *The Beacon*.)

Once more summer has gone, and, now that it grows dark rather early, most of us have quite a bit of time for reading.

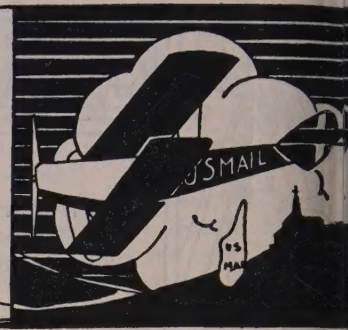
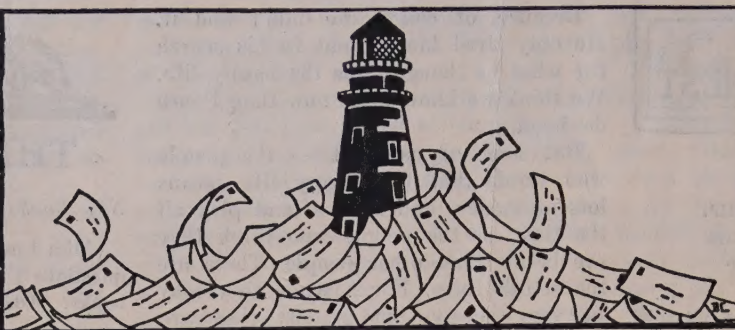
Those of you who have been camping and hiking will enjoy *JACK IN THE MOUNTAINS*, by James F. Crook. This is a story of Jack Calhoun's experiences with climbing, turkey-hunting, rattlesnakes, fishing and many other interesting incidents in a little Carolina town near the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Most of us like stories about Indians, and for a real thriller I would recommend *THE WAR EAGLE*, by Elmer Russell Gregor. Here we have the old-time Indian camps with native ceremonies and dances around the blazing fire; and an exciting narrative of high adventure along the dim perilous trails which lead through the vast wilderness.

Do you like mystery stories? Gladys Blake has written a new one which is very puzzling — *AT BOW VIEW*. The hero of this book, Mr. Dahl, is a very likable young man, tutor to six boys and girls. Suddenly an important letter mysteriously disappears, and at the same time the actions of Mr. Dahl are very suspicious. Altogether there is quite a knot to untangle, and you will draw a long breath of relief when the mystery is finally solved in a satisfactory manner.

Perhaps you have heard that our old friend *PINOCCHIO*, the marionette, had a great many further adventures than those which we first read about. *PINOCCHIO UNDER THE SEA*, translated from the Italian by Carolyn Della Chiesa, is now published in a very attractive edition. In this book Pinocchio goes around the world with three dolphins called Tursio, Marsofino and Globicephalous. It must have taken him a long time to learn their names. And, speaking of old favorites, Johanna Spyri, author of *HEIDI*, has written many other delightful stories. I have in mind *ERICK AND SALLY*, which Helen H. Boll has translated, and which is published by your own BEACON PRESS. The book has quite a mystery plot, and tells how a little aristocrat stands the test of lonesomeness and wins friends who stand by him until finally his grandfather takes him to his heart. You will like it, I know.

Of course the name of Ralph Henry Barbour is already known to you, so I'll just whisper quietly — for a good football story, read *THE LAST PLAY*!





## THE BEACON CLUB

### THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

151 CHAPIN ROAD,  
HUDSON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I have been a member of The Beacon Club for about one year. I have made some pleasant acquaintances through the Club. I am writing now to ask if some of the members live on a ranch, or know some one who does who will write to me. I have long wanted to write to some person so situated. I am thirteen and a half years old and take great joy in writing letters.

Yours truly,

EVELYN R. ORDWAY.

106 STATE STREET,  
WINDSOR, VT.

Dear Editor: I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I read it every Sunday. I am eleven years old and should like to become a Beacon Club member. I go to All Souls' Unitarian Church of Windsor. Our minister is Rev. Harvey Loy. I always read the letters in *The Beacon*. I go to the State Street School and am in the sixth grade.

Sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE E. HEBARD.

210 SILVER BIRCH AVENUE,  
TORONTO, CANADA.

Dear Editor: We go to the First Unitarian Church of Toronto. I am ten years old and my sister, Barbara, is seven. Our minister's name is Rev. James C. Hodgins. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mr. Swift. I read *The Beacon* every week and like it very much.

Yours sincerely,

MARVIN HOLLYMAN.

Other new members which have recently been added to the Club are: Alice Wilson, College View, Neb.; Murielle Hess, Denver, Colo.; Beatrice F. Haley, Dover, N. H.; Jeanette Thompson, Davenport, Ia.; Barbara Pierce, Providence, R. I.; Marjorie Wallace, Auburn, R. I.; Retha Rowe, Norfolk, Va.; Ethel E. Butler, Dover, N. H.; Elizabeth V. Abbott, Egypt, Mass.; Dorothy A. Perkins, Dorchester, Mass.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.  
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.  
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

### THE CUBS' COLUMN

Dear Cubs: This week's award goes to Mary Bryant, of Milton, Mass., for her story, "An Unexpected Visitor."

THE EDITOR.

#### An Unexpected Visitor

By MARY L. BRYANT

Once, as I was lying on my bed, my brother and my mother came up the stairs and my brother said, "Shut your eyes." So I shut them. I felt a little furry, fuzzy ball land at my feet. I opened my eyes quickly. What do you think I saw? Why, a little fuzzy kitten. My, how I wished it were mine, but my mother said, "Not for keeps." One of my brother's friends had brought it up in his coat. The kitten had the cunningest little face you ever saw. When he had to go the last thing I heard from my bedroom door was a little "Mew."

#### PEGGY LEARNS A LESSON

By Mary Dunning

(Continued from page 8, No. 2)

THERE was the honk of an automobile horn, and Hugh got out of the car which had stopped in front of the house. "How's everybody?" he said with a cheery smile. "Where's Peggy?" But neither Sarah nor Shirley knew.

The young doctor was sitting in his office when a low knock was heard at the door. "Come in," said Hugh. The door opened, closed, and Peggy stood before him. Dr. Hugh stared at her in amazement. She was breathing quickly, as if she had been running, but it was her hair that held her brother's attention. Gone was the rippling glory, "the hair with the red under the gold." In its place was a soft aureole of hair standing out fluffily on the small head and curling under at the ends.

Anger flamed in Hugh's face, but before he could speak Peggy's eyes filled with tears. "O Hugh," she sobbed, "I

### PUZZLERS

#### Charade

My first tells what the cat did for me.  
My second stands always for company;  
My third we apply to the tardy man;  
My whole tells how slowly the liquid ran.

E. O. S.

#### Pi

Fi oyu ane ressd ot kame oyurlevsse acie  
vetttra,  
Yte ont kame ffpus dan lsruc oruy eicht  
lightde,  
Fi oyu ane smwi nad wor eb torsng nac  
taevie,  
Yte fo eth etrnegl seearg osel ont tishg  
Ll'ouy eb, ym rilg, a dolem orf he  
gaess,—  
A nomaw ohmw het dworl liwl obw  
frobee.

—Firelight

#### Answers to Puzzles in No. 1

Enigma.—The heavens declare the glory of God.

Nuts to Crack.—1. Acorn. 2. Doughnut. 3. Pecan. 4. Chestnut. 5. Peanut. 6. Shellbark. 7. Beech. 8. Almond. 9. Nutmeg. 10. Hickory. 11. Filbert. 12. Cocoa nut.

want my hair." Hugh caught her in his arms and held her close.

"My dear," said Hugh, smiling sadly, "you wouldn't believe I knew better would you? But I hope it has taught you a lesson."

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